Portsmouth Weekly Magazine.

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The Gipsy's Prophecy.

(*Concluded*)

"Felix is a favorite of mine," said one of the guests, and I should have been one to rejoice, heartily, if he had been successful in discovering the perpetrators of the great robbery. Five hundred dollars would have set him up in the world; that will now fall to the surveyors of the roads."

"Have they got the thieves, then?" asked Waltmann.

"The surveyors, a short time ago, brought in two strangers, who are suspected, and indeed almost convicted, only they will not confess their guilt."

"Felix took a great deal of trouble about it," rejoined Waltmann, "and I am sorry for him. Well, perhaps he will be more lucky in something else."

Just at this instant Felix entered. He looked round for Rose, and at length inquired shyly after her. Her long absence had not been noticed by the company.

"I hope nothing can have happened to her," said Waltmann, rising. Before Felix had received an intelligible answer to his anxious inquiries, a violent knocking was heared at the door. One of the young people hastened to open it when Rose rushed in, pale and breathless, the picture of terror, and sank down senseless on the floor.

The wind had extinguished her light before she had taken three steps, nevertheless, the courageous girl pursued her way by the scanty light of the moon. Fortunately she found the spot described by Waltmann. She perceived the lost bundle among the bushes, and was stooping to disentangle it, when she heared the sound of heavy footsteps. She shuddered, and all the stories which she had heared of ghosts in the old castle, rose up in her recollection, filling her imagination with frightful apparitions. The noise approached, and she perceived distinctly in the moon shine, two dark figures carrying a corpse. The wind blew off a handkerchief with which the body was slightly covered, and she saw large bleeding wounds in the head and breast. Almost bereft of her senses, she seized the handkerchief, and impelled by terror, flew back to her father's dwelling.

The magistrate and his guests had elicited thus much from the maiden's broken and unconnected answers, and busied themselves now with interpreting the strange and ominous apparition; the general conclusion was that it betokened great mortality among the inhabitants through the plague or some other pestilential disorder. But Felix took his gun—"Shame on you," said the youth, "these are not ghosts, but robbers and murderers. Who is no coward, come along with me."

No one of them all had the heart to accompany the courageous Felix, except the venerable godfather, whose assistance he positively refused to accept. He set out alone for the old castle, and found the ruffians still employed in burying the corpse. "Hold!" cried he in a powerful voice, presenting his gun at the same instant. "Stir not a foot." The murderers were panic struck; one of them who attempted to escape, and as he did not stop, after being repeatedly challenged to do so, Felix fired upon him. A loud shriek from the wounded man struck terror into the heart of the other; he begged for mercy, promising to confess all, and followed the intrepid huntsman to the magistrate's.

In the interim most of the inhabitants had collected at Hellsmuth's house, and Rose was called upon to repeat the marvellous story of the apparition again and again. Then came Felix with his prisoner, to give a decisive blow to their superstitious credulity. The murderer was desired to name his accomplice, but the first shock being over, he strove to give the affair a favourable turn and refused. Soon afterwards, however, some passengers brought in a wounded man, whom they had found in a state of insensibility on the high road. Conceive the astonishment of all when he was led in, and proved to be Robert! He did not attempt to deny his guilt, and the handkerchief which Rose had seized in her fright, instead of the bundle, gave positive evidence against him, for it bore the name of the merchant who had been robbed, and who had offered the reward before mentioned, for the discovery of the delinquents.

All the supernatural sights and noises in the old castle were now clearly explained, for upon enquiry and examination, it proved, that the robbers had long made use of the ill-famed spot, as a place of concealment for their plunder and of interment for their victims.

Felix not only received the promised reward of five hundred dollars, but the two suspected travellers, whose innocence was thus, by his means, established, made him so handsome a present, that he was soon permitted to lead his beloved Rose to the altar.

The gipsy's prophecy, made, in all probability, by one well acquainted with the robber's mode of life, was fulfilled in Robert with a precision that seldom characterizes the accomplishment of their pretended predictions—he was exalted to the gallows.

The Sabbath in Philadelphia.—A strong effort was made on the 5th March, by a certain class of persons to have the reading rooms, of the Athenæum in this city, kept open on the Lord's day. The consent of 45 persons, (the number requisite to call a meeting of the stockholders,) was obtained to try the question. The day was an eventful one to Philadelphia, as this institution is one of more general character than any other in the place, and the reasons urged were specious, and the effort great. Some addresses were made, but the one from that distinguished civilian Mr. Duponceau, was unanswerable. He urged among many other considerations, apart from religion, this, that the strict observance of Sunday was peculiar to the United States, and the sacred manner in which this day is kept, so very different from its observance in any country in Europe, as to make it a striking feature in the character of the nation, and as such, independent of all other considerations, which might have their weight on those who moved the question, should be most carefully cherished and strictly preserved as a national trait, which would never fail to remind the traveller of the land he has left, and one which will endear the country to every one of its citizens, who might ever spend the day in any foreign land. The contrast would recur to the minds on either returning Sunday, and the American would remember his country with affection, while he said to himself, "they do not keep Sunday so at home," and he would love his country for the very peculiarity. On taking the vote only 35 were found in favor of the proposed plan, and nearly 100 against.—*Phil. Mag.*

Dr. Boerhave's Rules.—This great man left as a legacy to the world, the following simple and unerring directions for preserving health; they contained the sum and substance of his vast professional knowledge during a long and useful life:—"*Keep the feet warm; the head cool; and the body open.*"—If these were generally attended to, the physician's aid would seldom be required.

Summary of Ancient News.

Julius Cæsar fought 50 pitched battles, and killed one million and a half of men.—[For whose good?]

Manlius, who threw down the Gauls from the Capitol, had received 23 wounds, and taken two spoils, before he was 17 years of age.

Detantus fought 120 battles, was 80 times victorious in single combat, and received 45 wounds in front. He had among his trophies 70 belts, 8 murial, 3 obsidionel, and 13 civic crowns.

Cato pleaded four hundred causes, and gained them all.

Cyrus knew the names of all the soldiers in his army; Lucius Scipio knew the names of all the Roman people.

Chimedes could relate all he ever heared, in the same words.

Julius Cæsar wrote, read, dictated, and listened to the conversation of his friend, at the same time.

A philosopher is mentioned by Pliny who being struck by a stone, forgot his alphabet. A man reputed for his stupidity, falling from his horse, and being trepanned, became very remarkable for the sprightliness of his genius.

The orator Carvinus forgot his own name.

Mithridates spoke to the ambassadors of 22 different nations without an interpreter.

Julias Viator lived to an advanced old age, without drinking water or using any kind of liquid nourishment.

Crassus, grandfather of the Triumvirrassus, who was slain by the Parthians, never laughed. He had, on this account, the surname of Agelastus.

The Stonington, (Con.) paper recommends enforcing the by-law for restraining swine from running at large in the borough. The editor says—"It was only the day before yesterday that one of these gentlemen upon all-fours, who appears to possess rather a refined taste, for one of his society, and who perhaps, had a mind to avail himself of a speculation in West India produce, walked very deliberately into the cellar of a store near the wharf, and, with a good deal of *sang froid*, pulled the tap from a hogshead of molasses. Judging the goods, perhaps, not of a quality to warrant a purchase, he tried another hogshead. Thus situated, with copious streams of molaases flowing from either hogshead; he was apparently, hesitating which of the two samples to choose, when the clerk, happening by accident to come into the cellar, rather unceremoniously turned his grunting customer into the street."

The late Duke of Norfolk was much addicted to the bottle—On a masquerade night he asked Foote, who was his intimate, "what new character he should go in?"—"Go sober," said Foote!

WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Portsmouth, May 26, 1825.

An apology is due to some of our patrons at the South part of the town, for the failure of their papers last week, in consequence of the regular carrier's being absent.—Any who were omitted can be supplied by calling at the office.

THE ANDROIDES.—The exhibition of this interesting machinery attracts the attention of the curious: and the proprietor will doubtless be suitably rewarded for his visit to this place.

MISERIES OF EDITORS.

We would thank any of our distant subscribers, *when they die*, to send us word, as otherwise we send our paper on until we hear of our misfortune, and find no one willing to pay us.

A person who has taken the *Watchman* from the commencement, on being called on for payment, said, he never subscribed. His name was furnished us as a subscriber; and we never heard otherwise for three years. He got them, read them, and he is now unwilling to pay: "Only think of that, master Brook."—*Dayton Watchman.*

The Blind restored to Sight.—A young man in Louisiana had been blind about ten years, during which time he married and became the father of three children. Having heard of the skill of Dr. Lobatut, of New-Orleans, as an occulist, he hastened to put himself under his care, leaving his wife and children at Baton Rouge. A fortnight had scarcely elapsed when his sight was completely restored, and he enabled to go and *see* his wife and children, for the first time.

A female of the name of Jones was convicted, in London, before the city magistrate Birnie, for stealing "ten penny worth of bacon" from a shop, for the sustenance of herself and a starving child. The publication of her piteous case in the newspapers produced speedily a contribution of seventy pounds sterling for her relief, which served to establish her in the small grocery line. Such are "the turns of fate below." Charity covered and cured the whole evil.

Slander.—I never found a slanderer who dared to meet, face to face, the person whom he had abused and vilified when absent.

MISCELLANY.

A YANKEE EXPLOIT.

In one of a series of latters from Kentucky, now publishing in the Richmond Enquirer, we find the following anecdote, which really equals the fellow who played the farce of "letting the cat out of the bag." Near Cincinnati, on the Ohio river stood a nine story factory. A yankee proclaimed at Cincinnati, that on a certain day, he would jump out of the highest story of this factory. The day arrived and a large multitude gathered to see the yankee break his neck; before he took his leap, he said he must have three hundred dollars for doing so. Each one being willing to contribute to pay the yankee's passage over the river Styx, this sum was soon made up; the yankee presented himself at the highest story of the building, furnished with two umbrellas; with these over his head he let himself down from the window. A draft of wind struck him at the moment, and wafted him four huudred yards up the river, into which he gently descended in the presence of the shouting multitude. The yankee was not drowned. He was taken up by the boats which were in readiness.

Bordeaux, March 14.—Persuading a young lady under age to elope is here a serious criminal offence. A curious case of a village elopement has just been tried here.—The gallant is a farmer's boy, the lady only 16 years old, and of respectable condition. The case against him was, that he had gained access to her chamber clandestinely in the night, and induced her to take flight with him. They were pursued by the father, and both fugitives brought back, the one in the custody of her father, the other in the safe keeping of the police. It is strange that the witness against him was no other than the fair companion of his flight. But, fortunately for him, he was enabled to contradict her story by proving she was betrothed against her will to another person, and on the night preceding the intended marriage fled from home, and placed herself under the protection of the farmers boy. He was accordingly discharged.

RICE SPONGE CAKE.

Nine eggs, the weight of them in sugar—the weight of six in rice flour—have the sugar finely sifted—mix the sugar and rice together—have the whites and yolks beat separately—pour the eggs at the same time into the rice and sugar—beat them together about a quarter of an hour—add of the essence of lemon twenty drops, or rosewater.

Ambition.—The man who will be content with cherries, will never be fed with oranges.

The Power of Adversity.

Before the hand of republican power had levelled all distinction in France, and sunk the proudest families to the humiliating condition of the msanest peasant, in the gay neighborhood of Versailles, the Marquis d'Embleville owned a sumptuous hotel, where he livid in epicurean luxury and princely splendor. His mind possessed all the imperious vanity of the ancient regime; and placed by fortune at an awful distance, he looked down upon the canaille as unworthy to hold with him in a rank in the same scale of being. His only son, Lewis, in the prime of youth, had made the tour of Switzerland; he had visited every part of those wondrous regions, where nature reigns, in all her grandeur, and displays to the enthusiastic mind that sublime and majestic scenery, which attracts and gratifies the most unbounded curiosity. So remote fronm the haunts of courtly pleasure—so distant from the giddy circle of high life—he felt that tender passion beneath whose controling power mortals of all degrees indiscriminately bow.

The object of his admiration was a lovely Swiss, fresh from the hand of nature, in all the bloom of youth and beauty, like the mother of mankind, in the state of primeval innocence; honesty, was the only wealth her friends possessed:—her charms and virtues were her only portion. With this lovely maid, Lewis had sought and cultivated an acquaintauce. He weighed her mental graces against the frippery of Parisian belles, and with pleasure saw them greatly preponderate. She felt the congenial passion, but from disparity of circumstances, suppressed the kindling hope. The shaft was fixed to deep in his bosom, to be eraaicated withot lacerating his vitals. Althouhg dispairing of success, he returned to his father, and on his knee besought him to confirm his happiness by an assent to this unequal union.

Degrading information! Should the honorary tide of princely blood, long flowing down the channel of an illustrious ancestry, be contaminated by mingling with plebeian streams? No! He spurned him from his feet, and, with a niggard hand, reluctantly conferring on him a scanty annuity, bade him retire again to ignominious exile, and see his face no more. He was too well acquainted with the inflexibility of his father's temper, when once arrived at certain point; he knew that the moment of expostulation was forever past. He was forbidden to return to seek a pardon, even by the narrow path of duty: he therefore felt himself not unhappy that, without a direct breach of parental obligation, he could by the trival sacrifice of his fortune obtain the object of his desires. He bade adieu th the scenes of departed affluence, and flew to repose himself on the faithful bosom of domestic affection. The inhabitants of the happy valley celebrated their nuptails with the usual ceremonies, and Lewis soon forgot that he was born to higher expectations.

The storm which had long been gathering over devoted France, at length descended, involving in one general ruin all the pride of prerogative, title, and family. The sanguinary streams that flowed from the throne, swollen by a thousand rills, had deluged the nation, and the horrid engine of death (the guillotine) still frowned tremendously over its innumerable victims. Not with less terror than the trembling traveller, when he sees the accumulating avalanche thundering from Alpine precipices in its progress tearing up towerting pines, and crushing into atoms the obsiructing cottages, the Marquis d'Embleville beheld the approaching desolation. His lady died of a broken heart, to observe the splendor of her family eclipsed; and rescuing a comparative trifle from the wreck of affluence, he hastily left his proscribed country in disguise, and fled towards the regions of ancient Helvetic liberty; where, after long and weary wandering among those eternal mountains, which form the barrier of nations—whose heads, crowned with snows old as the creation, view the turgid clouds rolling round their base amid the wildest scenes of nature, he experienced the bitter pangs of reflection, without a beam of distant hope to cheer him in his exile. In order to divert the cares that wrung his bosom, he had visited the stupendous cataract of the Rhine, he had marked the wanderings of the Emmen and the Reuss, and arrived at the length at a charmingly romantic valley in neighborhood of Lugano.—The evening sun shot his yellow rays over orange and citron groves which clothed the sides of the far stretched mountains, when he reached a neat little cottage, seated on a gentle declivity, which terminated in the tranquil waters of an extensive lake, over which gentle zepyrs wafted the softened notes of rustic joy—the villagers were returning from the labors of the day; and here and there appeared in distant groups winding down the avenue of vine-clad hills. At the cottage door he was met by two buxom little girls, on whose cheeks bloomed the roses of health, and their dress was such as served not to decorate, but display the fine symmetry of their figures. They made a low and graceful curtsey, and then ran in to announce the approach of a stranger.

[*To be continued.*]

A good one.—A gentleman in his eagerness at table to answer a call for some apple pie, owing to the knife sliding on the bottom of the dish, found his knuckles buried in the crust, when a wag who was seated just opposite to him, very gravely observed, whilst he held his plate, "sir, may I trouble you for a bit, *whilst your hand's in.*"

Curious Alternative.—At the battle of Newport the prince of Orange having the Spanish army before him, and the sea behind him thus addressed his soldiers: "*If you would preserve your honor and your lives, soldiers you must eat up these Spaniards, or drink up* that *sea!*"

Anecdote of Mr. Webster.—We once witnessed a striking effect produced by Mr. Webster. In the trial of an important cause at the U. S. Circuit court in Boston, a shuffling witness fell into the hands of Mr. W. for cross examination. After attempting in vain to bring him to a direct answer, and while he was exhibiting the utmost effrontery and indifference, and parrying the questions of the counsel as if for his own amusement, Mr. Webster paused, and fastening his eye on that of the witness, he exclaimed, witness, the oath of God is upon you!—The man sunk upon his seat as if a dagger had passed through him, and almost immediately rising, exclaimed, I will tell all! And he did tell all, and a very different story from the one he had before told. —*Providence Gaz.*

When Foot was at salt-Hill, he dined at the Castle, and when Patridge produced the bill, which was rather exhorbitant, Foot asked him his name, "Partridge, an't please you, said he," "Partridge!" returned Foot, "it should be Woodcock by the length of your bill."

MARRIED,

In Kennebunk-Port, Me. on the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fessenden, the Rev. Thomas C. Upham, of Rochester, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Bowdoin College, to Miss Phebe Lord of the former place.

In Durham, on Thursday last, by the Rev. Mr. Burt, Mr. Andrew Varney to Miss Susannah Footman; Mr. Alonzo Roberts to Miss Mary Tarr, all of Dover.

In Dover, Mr. Nathaniel Hill to Miss Esther Ela.

In this town, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Joseph Drown, Jr. to Miss Olive C. Moulton.

DIED,

In Boston, Mr. Horace Parmalee, aged 45, formerly of Dover.

In this town, a child of Mr. John Trickey.

A child of Mr. James Whitehouse.

In the Alms-House, Peter Warner, a man of color, aged 85.

BLACKING, &c.

T. H. MILLER,

Congress-street, Has just received,

THE Real Japan BLACKING, made by Campbell & Gray, warranted equal to any imported; in jugs of three sizes, prices 20, 30 and 40 cents.

Crosby's, Hayden's, and Day & Martin's BLACKING, in small jugs. Shoe Brushes; Clothes' do.; Dressing Combs; Ivory Combs; Tooth Brushes; Pomatum; Rouge.

May 12.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

POETRY.

FROM THE AUBURN FREE PRESS.

Lines,

Presented with a very early flower to a young Lady.

Though earth is mantled o'er with snow,
The waving grove is bare,
The blighting winds of winter blow,
Thou still art blooming fair.

No sun's enliv'ning beams array'd
Thee with thy varied hues;
No fanning breeze around thee play'd,
Nor sky bestow'd its dews.

Though thou hast felt the chilling storm,
The wind around so wild,
Thou still hast rear'd thy fragile form,
And in the tempest smil'd.

And thus, Eliza, fairest maid,
Thy name as pure as light,
(Let blighting slander's breath invade.)
Will rise no more purely bright. P.

Can I forget you.

A FRAGMENT.

Can I forget you? Ask the silent hours
That glide unseen by every human eye;
View me a while, when radiant morning pours [sky.
Her glittering colours o'er the illumin'd

Ask, while each lovely flower erects its head,
And hails with fragrance sweet the rising morn, [fled
Why the fair tints that once were mine, are
And left alone within my breast the thorn.

Can I forget you? Ask the midnight hour,
When all is silence round my lonely bed:
'Tis then for thee I tears of anguish pour,
And chase soft slumbers from my aching head;

Or worn with grief or spent with fruitless sighs, [pose,
Should nature yield at length to sweet re-
In dreams, I see thy form beloved arise,
And feel a sad renewal of my woes.

Can I forget you? Ask a throne of grace,
A throne where mourners love to pour their sighs,
Unheard by all, save one, that holy place,
Has witness'd oft for thee petitions rise.

The Tear.

On beds of snow the moon-beam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept—
Sweet maid, it was her Lindor's tomb.

A warm tear gush'd—the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away;
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray.

An angel, wandering from his sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem—
To dew-ey'd Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem.

Parting Friends.

The moment comes in which we sever,
Yet tho' far distant soon I'll be;
This heart to friendship true shall ever
With fond regard remember THEE.

And if while thus my footsteps roam,
Some dear ingenious maid I meet;
I'll think on her I left at home,
And for thy sake the stranger greet.

And O! should grief thy peace assail;
If foes oppress, if friends betray;
If all thy other hopes should fail,
Remember him who's far away.

From Schoolcraft's New Travels in the Mississippi, just published.

WILLSHIRE.

On the banks of the River St. Mary's, Capt. Riley (well known as the sufferer among the Arabs) has recently made a purchase of a tract of government lands, and settled himself with a view of passing his future days.

We understand the spot which this gentleman has chosen, is upward of 20 miles distant from any inhabitants, and about five miles from any road. Here he has erected a log cabin on the banks of the river; and laid out a town, which, in gratitude to his great benefactor, he has named *Willshire.*—His object, we are informed, is to build mills for which the St. Mary's affords a suitable site; to draw around him a settlement; and to place his children in a situation, where they may rise with the country. He is now actively engaged in designating roads, and projecting those improvements which are necessary to promote the settlement of the country.

In this laudable design, every benevolent mind, whatever degree of scepticism it may possess as to certain points, will unite in the warmest wishes for his success. We cannot but cherish a hope that one who has confessedly partaken so largely of the cup of human suffering, may be permitted to spend the remnant of his days in

——"*health, peace and competence.*"

:o:

Drinking Healths.—Lord Bacon, on being once asked to drink the King's health, is said to have replied, that "*he would drink for his own health* and pray for that of the King."

CLOTHES BRUSHES,

OF several kinds, from 25 cts. to 63 cts. each; Tooth and Comb Brushes; Shoe Brushes, &c. just received at T. H. MILLER's Book-store, Congress-street.
May 26.

For Sale,

A LOT of LAND, in State-street. For particulars apply at this office.
May 12.

Palm Leaf Fans;

COMB Brushes; Tooth Brushes; Dressing Combs; Emery Cushions; Visiting Cards, for sale by
T. H. MILLER.

Small Rooms, Fire Boards,

Curtains and Band Boxes.
T. H. MILLER,
Congress-street,

HAS just purchased a large lot of PAPERS suitable for the above purposes, being remnants of the most elegant patterns. Among them are several patterns from three to five rolls each, which will be sold at half the original price, and some for less; Besides single rolls and parts of rolls in abundance; and the *usual* assortment of low priced Papers. May 12.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS.

T. H. MILLER, has a good assortment of the above named books, among which are
Watts' Catechisms, three different editions, at 3 cts. 10 cts. and 25 cents single—large discounts by the quantity.——ALSO Class Papers, of an approved form, 5 cents each.